

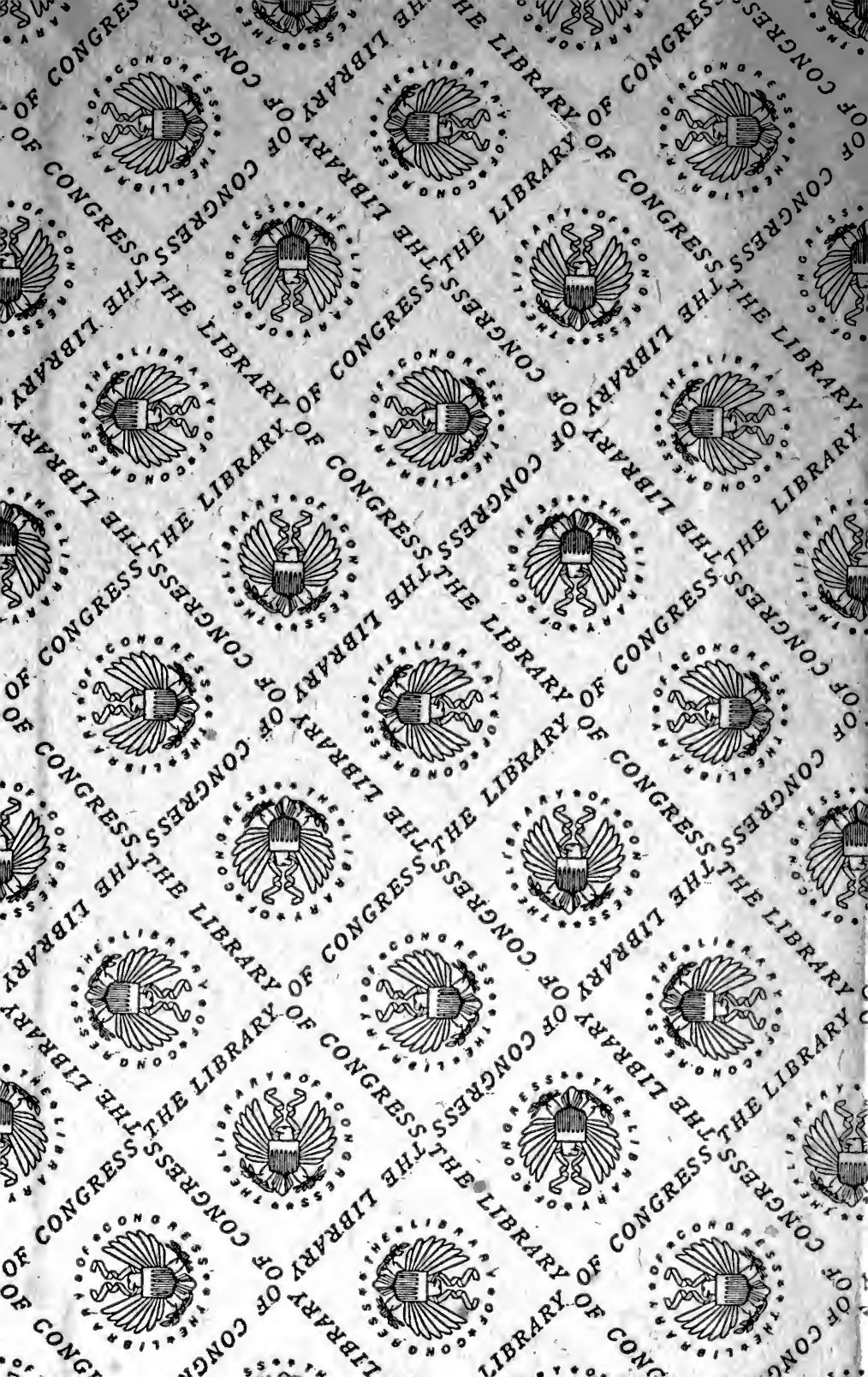
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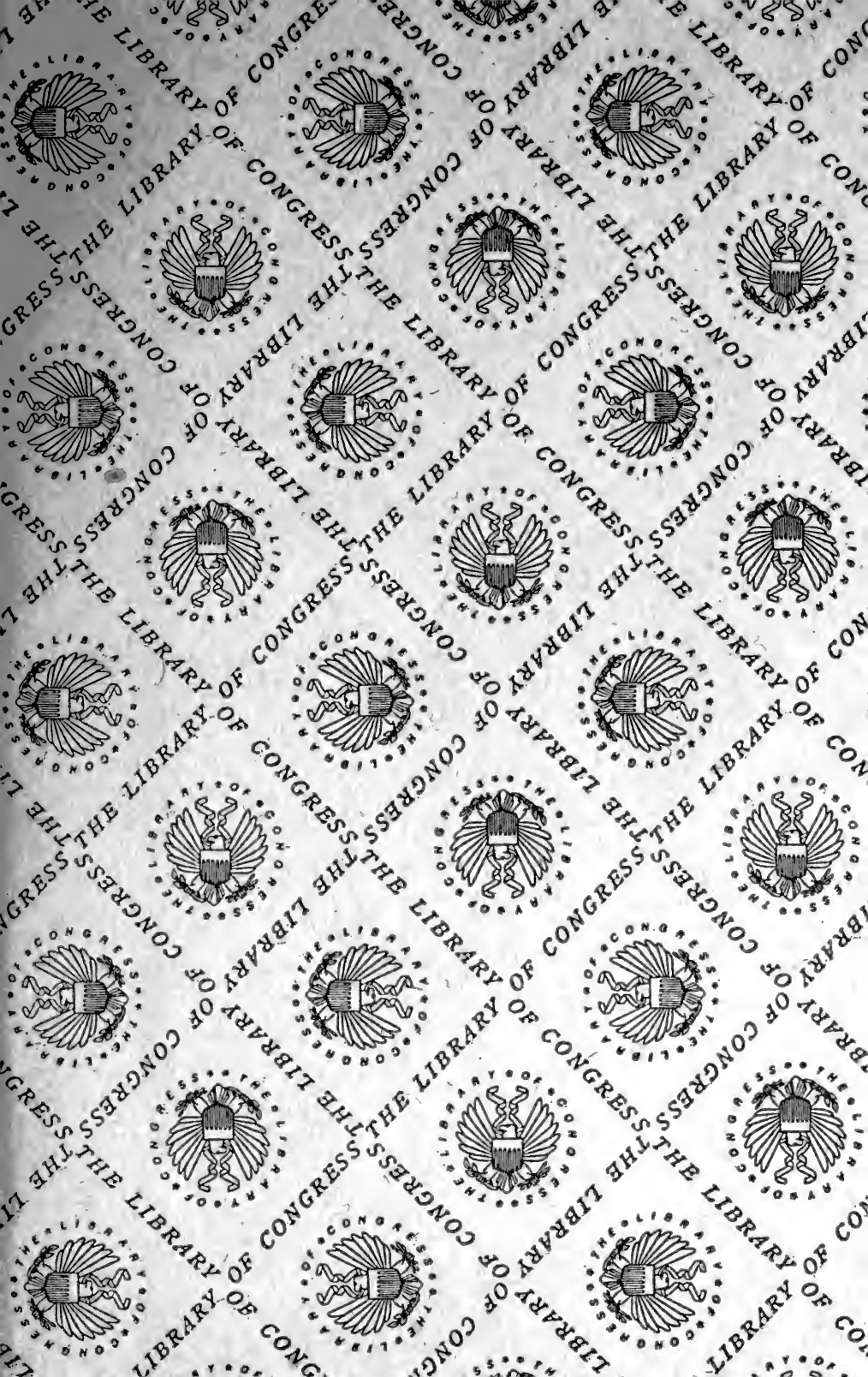
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POEMS.

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OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

AMERICA,
AN ODE:
AND OTHER POEMS.

BY
N. W. COFFIN.

Why wilt thou letter me
More of my tale than an other man,
Sin that it is the beste rime I can ?
CHAUCER.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL G. SIMPKINS.

M.D.CCC.XLIII.



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Entered, according to act of Congress, in the year 1843,

BY S. G. SIMPKINS,

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~~~~~  
I. R. BUTTS, PRINTER,  
SCHOOL STREET.  
~~~~~

IN putting this little volume of poems into the hands of the public, it may not be impertinent for the author to say, by way of preface, that he has not been encouraged to brave the perilous sea of authorship, by the interested flatteries of any of his personal friends: to most of them his rhyming propensities have been, but are now no longer, (very much to the grief of the world-wise among them, he doubts not,) as a sealed book. Neither has he been made the dupe of an over-estimate of their value and importance, for really he has the modesty to believe, that he might as well attempt to hang his hat upon one of Jupiter's satellites, as to reach that standard of excellence in the Divine Art, which he has erected in his own mind. The reader will now very naturally inquire, and perhaps with no little amazement, What could have induced him to launch upon a voyage, which should neither have favoring gales at starting, a comfortable outfit, or a port of destination. Suffice it then—that as “the wind bloweth where it listeth, and no man knoweth whence it cometh or whither it goeth,” so have these fancies come to him (he knew not whence or wherefore) in green and waste places, with the first breath of morning, at noon-day and at midnight, and they are the promptings of moods, as incomprehensible to him as the spiritual life he lives. They are put forth without pretension and without a sanguine hope on his part, that they will win the ear, or succeed in making any impression upon the heart, of the reader. He may say briefly, that he conceived, wrote, and published them, without demanding of himself a reason,—and whether he sell them or not, is a problem, involving certain considerations highly interesting to his publisher, which he trusts time will solve satisfactorily to his wishes.

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible handwriting throughout.]

CONTENTS.



AMERICA. AN ODE,	3
THE PAST,	17
EVENING IN THE COUNTRY,	22
TO ELIZABETH,	26
THE VILLAGE BELL,	30
TO THE RIVER MERRIMACK,	33
CHILDHOOD,	36
MUSINGS,	38
WILLIAM AND ELLEN. A BALLAD,	41
THE DREAM ANGEL,	45
ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT,	49
BUNKER HILL. SONNET,	53
A PICTURE. SONNET,	55
ON A LADY,	57
EVENING. SONNET,	59
EDWARD'S GRAVE,	61
DECEMBER,	63
VIRTUE,	64
HYMN FOR THE SABBATH,	65

THE PIOUS DEAD,	67
STANZAS,	69
THE INWARD VOICE,	71
SIR ROBERT'S TRANCE,	74
AUTUMN,	79
OSCEOLA,	82
LAMENT OF THE EXILE,	86
BOAT SONG,	88
SONG,	90
AN EVENING HYMN,	92
THE SPANISH EXILE'S SONG,	94
THE BLIGHTED FLOWER,	96
AN EPISTLE TO —,	100
THE CRUSADER,	107
THE TIMES,	109
SONG,	119
THE DYING GIRL,	121

Go, little book, into the world, and say
Thou comest from one, fearless in freedom's cause ;
Who, bending not to censure or applause,
Did send thee hopefully upon thy way ;
Say, that thou springest fresh from his warm heart,
And art not tricked in flaunting rhythm, to please
The leaden ear of idleness or ease,
But wert designed to act a nobler part ;
And if some kindly, sympathizing breast
Finds aught in thee to cherish, or to love,
Oh ! may'st thou by thy soothing presence prove
To it a benison of joy and rest :
So shalt thou win sweet solace and delight,
For him, who sent thee on thine earnest flight.

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

By JOHN STOW, Citizen of London.

ODE TO AMERICA.

ADIKEMA

1914-1915-1916-1917-1918

There is a great deal of work to be done in the
field of the subject of the history of the
people of the world. It is a subject which
is of great importance to the world of to-day.

1914

A M E R I C A .

A N O D E .



The eager hours and unreluctant years,
As on a dawn-illuminated mountain stood,
Trampling to silence their loud hopes and fears ;
Darkening each other with their multitude ;
And cried aloud, Liberty! Indignation
Answer'd Pity from her cave ;
Death grew pale within the grave,
And desolation howled to the destroyer, Save !

SHELLEY.



I.

SPIRIT, who watchest the slow march of time !
Along the courses of revolving years,
Filled with the sweet harmonies of spheres
That wind their circles round thy seat sub-
lime.

The glorious sun-illumined quire,
Forever hymning in mid-space,
With music, all unknown to mortal ears
The lofty psalm, whose wild ecstatic fire,
Old bards have caught, and greatly gifted
seers,
And in soft numbers of celestial grace,
Struck from the chords of the resounding
lyre.

Spirit ! from whom all things have birth,
Whether in air, or sea, or earth,
Who, in thine undisputed sway
From frozen north, to the remotest Ind, —
Holdest the nations in thy careful hand, —
Lord of the darkness and the day,
Insensate matter, and eternal mind, —
Divinest freedom's sighs, the theme demand, —
And while my trembling muse essays to sing,
Oh ! plume her spirit, with an angel's wing.

II.

And thou, Oh ! freedom, child of heaven,
To whom the sacred fire was given,
To warm, and bless the darkened soul of man,
Whose light, through hidden realms of
shade,
Shot its bright radiance, and displayed
The shining arts, and taught their wondrous
plan ;
Being best loved, whose worth no thought can
span,
The angels wept, when from the north,
Blood-stained oppression drove thee forth,
With banners torn, and visage pale and wan ;
But thou, with hope yet unsubdued,
Heavenward thine airy flight pursued,
Still hovering o'er fair Albion's coast ;
Where, on fields and mountains gory,
Sank into the sleep of glory,
The spirits of thy martyred host.

III.

How proudly gleamed thine eagle eye !
When in the purpling western sky,
America's new star first dimly shone ;
And stooping on suspended wing,
Thou heard'st the faithful pilgrims sing
Their hymns to liberty, the lost and won,
Upon the Mayflower's narrow deck,
Braving the fearful storm and wreck ;
Then didst thou hang thy banner to her mast,
And binding the wild tempest's fluttering zone,
Bring them, my country ! to thy shores at
last.

IV.

Two centuries have rolled their tides
Into the dim eternal sea of time ;
And still o'er thee a changeful spirit glides
With wistful eye, and mighty thought sublime,

Shaping new forms of what thou 'rt yet to be
E'er fav'ring heaven shall set thy sparkling
name

Above all nations, in the sky of fame,
The primal star of peace and liberty.

By what blest enchantment art thou changed
Exhaustless Nature from thine ancient glory ;
No more to man, and human art estranged,
Upon thy virgin fields, and mountains hoary.

Where the rude savage in the wingèd chase,
Tracked the wild deer through forests dark
and lone,

Or skimmed the ruthless oceans that embrace
Thy fertile shores, with low perpetual moan,
Where wigwams rose and smoke of council
fires,
From sheltering woods, and sloping valleys
curled,

Charmed by the music of celestial lyres,
Springs into being a majestic world.

V.

As the orient orb of day,
Rises from the bed of night,
Showering beams of dazzling light,
Round his high accustomed way,
Thou, from deepest shades of gloom,
In the darkly teeming womb,
Of the all creative spirit,
Springest into breathing life,
Armed, and ready for the strife,
Brooding night to disinherit
In the terror of her reign ;
While on every hill and plain,
Bristling in thine azure skies,
Tower, and wall of cities rise ;
Navies, freighted with the ores
Of utmost India, plough thy seas,
Heaping all their golden stores
In thy lap, and more than these ;

Learning, doomed no more to dwell,
In monkish cowl, or cloistered cell,
 Seeks the open light she loves,
 And scatters joy where'er she moves ;
Graceful art with eye serene,
Wanders o'er the smiling scene,
 Making all its beauties shine
 In the painter's glowing line,
And her loftier presence known,
In the sculptor's breathing stone ;
 Heaven-descended poesy,
 With wit and mirth, fair sisters three,
 Join soul-awakening harmony,
To fill thy fragrant fields and groves ;
 While religion's softening ray,
 Like a bright star, along thy way
In unclouded splendor moves ;
 Liberty through all thy sphere,
 Pours her genial atmosphere,
And yet thou art not free.

VI.

From southern climes, upon the sultry air,
 Borne feebly, like an echo dim and faint,
 I hear the burden of thy sad complaint,
I feel the sorrows thou art doomed to bear,
 Insulted freedom ! where th' accursed taint
Of human bondage, eats into thy fame,
 A dark, and soul-destroying leprosy,
 Sweeping o'er all like a remorseless sea
Its poisoned wave. I hear thy spotless name
 Than which no dearer in the shrine of love
Makes its blest home, first on the infant's
 tongue,
And by sweet bards and mighty minstrels
 sung,
 Uttered in fearful blasphemies that move
High heaven to tears, and fright the listening
 stars.
 Oh ! hapless state. Oh ! sights and sounds
 unholy,

Oh ! bleeding wounds, and iron-branded scars,
Pity, in strains of sweetest melancholy,
Pours her sad spirit into mournful song,
And pleads in accents wild, avenge, and
save !

Unloose the cords that bind the groaning
slave,
And look no more upon th' oppressor's wrong.

VII.

My country, through thy solemn woods and
vales,

I seem to hear the echo of my song
Mingling with the low music that prevails
At twilight's close, reverberated long
O'er the wide scene. Nature herself bewails
Thy blighted honor, and mild freedom's
wrong.

Spirits of those who fought at Lexington

And Bunker's Hill, speak from your gory
 graves !

Your rallying flag, no longer in the sun

Its starry folds in glorious triumph waves,
O'er the fair soil by noble valor won,

Your sons have made to drink the sweat of
 slaves ;

While ringing lash, with answering clank of
 chains

And prison bars, resound along the plains —

Oh ! God, with whom the fate

Of nations rests, protect our state,

And wipe from her broad shield its guilty
 stains.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE
MILITARY
HISTORY
OF
THE
UNITED STATES
OF AMERICA
FROM
1776 TO 1865
BY
GEO. F. RICHMOND

MILITARY HISTORY

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THE PAST.



I CANNOT look into the past,
Without a tearful eye ;
Old memories so thick and fast,
Throng in its dreamy cavern vast,
In shapes that cannot die ;

Spirits, that in my presence stand,
Full clothed, and living yet,
I cannot take them by the hand,
That well-beloved and shadowy band,
Whose earthly suns have set.

But in their soul-illumined eyes,
The life of other days
I read with sweetly sad surprise ;
The life that won so many ties,
By all its pleasant ways.

And mingling with the notes of birds,
That sang in olden time,
I hear the lowing of the herds,
Soft voices and familiar words,
The tremulous low chime.

Then o'er the solemn churchyard green,
I tread with holy joy ;
Bright faces fill the moving scene,
I wonder not what I have been,
I feel myself a boy.

The sunlight falls, as erst it fell,
 Across the shining stones ;
And far o'er wood, and brook, and dell,
The evening wind, with lengthened swell,
 Mutters in fitful tones.

An aged oak its cooling shade
 Flings o'er a grassy seat ;
And winding slow its silver braid,
A streamlet babbles through the glade
 With pleasant voice, and sweet.

Within this bower at eventide,
 Soon as the shadows fell,
I wooed the muses to my side ;
And first my trembling fingers tried,
 The music of my shell.

Before my weak, bewildered eye,
A spirit went and came ;
Its white wings flashed along the sky,
And clear, and loud, it blew on high,
The trumpet note of fame.

Then in the chamber of my soul
A purer passion glowed,
And swift through every sense it stole,
I saw afar the shining goal,
I trod the flowery road.

And in each star, that gemmed the night,
In characters sublime,
Methought I traced old bards of might,
Those glorious bright suns, whose light
Streams down the waste of time.

What if my spirit burned to wear,
The poet's leafy crown ;
Nursing high thoughts, I did not care
To check, — sweet hopes that bade me share
Their glory and renown.

These were but dreams of youthful days ;
Alas ! how poor and vain,
And as I turn my eager gaze
Backward through well remembered ways,
I feel both joy and pain.

EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.



Now slowly sinks the red round sun,
Adown the gold and purple west ;
For us her daily duties done
Day yields to night, and toil to rest.

Now homeward wend the grazing herd ;
Slow answering to the shrilly horn,
The lazy cow-boy's voice is heard,
Among the woodland vales forlorn.

Oft have I watched, when evening bells
Have rung their earliest twilight chime,
High perched among the upland dells,
At twilight's sweet and witching time ;

The village cotters homeward tread,
Tired with the labors of the day ;
While circling round the blithe laugh sped,
To wile the long and weary way.

Oft have I watched, and often sighed
A wish their humble lot were mine,
Retired from worldly pomp and pride,
The gloss of wealth, ambition's shrine.

No more should pleasure's syren art,
In slippery mazes lead my feet,
Content to bear an honest part,
And find a joy in all I meet.

An even road, my course of life
Should thread a smiling vale of flowers,
Perchance a gentle-hearted wife,
To warm, and cheer its sinless hours.

Thus would I journey smoothly on,
Apart from all the worldly woes,
That cast their darkling shades upon
Life's current as it onward flows.

The night shuts in : I must away,
Deep silence fills the stirless air ;
The father kneels him down to pray,
And I an idler should be there.

The room is still, the shutters closed ;
Young faces throng around the board,
With chastened eyes, and hands reposed,
Attentive listening to the Word.

Yon meek-eyed girl's soft ringing voice
With clear and simple cadence reads ;
In one full song their hearts rejoice,
The father with his Father pleads.

The prayer is done ; now gentle sleep
Wraps mild content and innocence ;
An angel band their vigils keep
To warn all rude disturbers hence.

Oft have I watched, and often sighed
A wish, their humble lot was mine ;
And yet, whate'er of ill betide,
I will no more my lot repine.

For God is wise, as he is kind ;
In all this varied world we see
The streams of joy and grief combined,
And tending to a distant sea.

TO ELIZABETH.



QUEENLY proud Elizabeth,
Maiden tall, and slim, and fair,
With blue eyes, and golden hair,
May a poet's winged breath,
Though in melody of words
Sweet as notes of singing birds,
Or soft wind that whispereth
Æol to its warm caress,
Speak thy shining loveliness,

Or those modest virtues, rare,
Priceless, and beyond compare,
Mirrored in that font of grace,
Sparkling in thine angel face ?

Nature, mother of all forms
The red tide of being warms,
From her murmuring groves and rills,
Bright sea-depths, and breezy hills,
In mid-summer's glowing prime,
Youth of pomegranate and lime,
With an eagle's matchless pinion,
Soared to heaven's bright dominion ;
There, oh ! fair, sweet nature found thee,
There, oh ! fair, sweet nature bound thee,
Thee, pure wandering bird of heaven,
And mingled thee with mortal leaven.

Now in robes of beauty drest,
And by all the world carest,

Proud, in woman's stateliness,
Wealth of love, and power to bless,
Walk'st thou in sweet-scented bowers,
O'er green lawns, and beds of flowers,
With a never-ending song,
As thou journeyest along
To the meadows and the trees,
And to every wandering breeze.
So thy life serenely flows,
 Like a musical old rhyme,
 Chanted in melodious chime,
Smoothly, to its dying close.
Full of dutiful desires,
And a faith, whose wing aspires
To the lofty seat of Jove ;
Full of charity and love,
And all deeds that men approve ;
Deeds that bring from heaven down,
The glory of that thorny crown,
Which his living temples wore,

Who our sins and sorrows bore ;
Few may feel, as thou hast felt,
 For the pains of grief and care ;
Few may kneel, as thou hast knelt,
 In the earnestness of prayer ;
Where thine every pious breath,
Drew the poisoned air of death.
Sweet suggestive of pure thought,
 Maiden, in thyself as pure ;
If the lesson thou hast taught
 By thy life, with me endure,
Then peace, such as was always thine,
And joy, and hope, shall still be mine.

THE VILLAGE BELL.



Now soundeth aloud that deep-toned bell ;
 Ah ! could it reveal the days of old,
Full many a tale its tongue could tell,
 As many a knell its tongue hath tolled ;
It heavily swings on yonder steep,
 For an hundred years it there hath swung,
And far o'er the hills the echoes creep,
 Whenever its thrilling tones are rung.

Oh ! merrily oft it fills the air,
In the golden hours of summer's prime ;
When gathered beneath, the young and fair,
With light feet dance to its mellow chime ;
And heavily oft its solemn tone,
Comes to the lonely mourner's ear, —
For its music speaks of days that are gone,
And of hallowed forms that are not here.

Thou heedest not the lapse of time,
For what to thee are the rolling years,
The young man in his lusty prime,
The old man in his dotage tears ?
And yet methinks the rust of age,
Hath deepened thy trembling cadence mild,
For now, though thy tones my soul engage,
They were merrier far when I was a child.

Those gladsome days, when I was a child,
In freshest bloom I see them now,
The red rosy face of laughter wild,
Love's ravishing eye, joy's careless brow ;
Within this shadowy fount below,
Where all the scences of memory pass,
Those days arise, in the sunlight glow
Of summer, like forms in a magic glass.

Oh ! strike yet again, thou ancient bell !
Though thy tongue its tale may ne'er
unfold ;
Thy deep mellow tones, I love them well,
For they breathe of the palmy days of old.
The days of old, and our village sires,
Whose bones beneath thy tower repose ;
How sweet is the charm, as day retires,
Over their graves thy loud voice throws !

TO THE RIVER MERRIMACK.

Flow on broad river to the sea :
As thou hast flowed, since the bright circling
spheres,
To their glad company
Welcomed the young earth with its golden
years.

Then spring first decked thy bending
 shores,
And summer all unconscious filled the air ;
 Then autumn's plenteous stores,
Ungarnered, owned no mortal's jealous care.

Upon thy banks the dance and change,
Of laughing seasons, sped unheeded by ;
 Untasked, through all thy range,
Thou rolled'st on in silent majesty.

Yet though thou leddest to the sea,
Thy torrent course, unblest by man's abode ;
 These lands, and waters free,
Gave back the features of a smiling God.

Close by thy side my fathers sleep,
Honored, throughout a long ancestral line ;
 Since driven to the deep,
The deep gave them to thee, and freedom's
 shrine.

Here didst thou bless them with thy song
Ever and ceaseless, singing in the wild ;

Here, these broad fields among,
They toiled 'mid dangers, till all nature
smiled.

Flow on broad river to the sea,
As thou shalt flow, while time prolongs its
course,

When I, who sing of thee,
Have traced my being to its highest source.

CHILDHOOD.



OH ! give me childhood's roseate hours,
When, bathed in summer's golden light,
The world, like Eden's vale of flowers,
First beams upon its ravished sight.

Oh ! give me childhood's pleasant days,
Of laughing merriment and glee ;
Before its springing bud decays,
Or it has dared life's treacherous sea.

Oh ! give me childhood's sinless years,
Its warm and wildly beating heart, —
Its summer smiles, and generous tears, —
The joy its brightening hopes impart.

Oh ! give me childhood's home and hearth,
The blazing fire and chimney-seat,
Where loudly rang its voice of mirth,
And lightly fell its bounding feet.

Oh ! give me back that joyous time,
My childhood's brightly flowing years ;
And I will give my manhood's prime
With all its joys, and hopes and fears,

Its mind and faculties mature, —
Its learned gifts and nobler sense ;
Oh ! give me back that season pure,
My childhood's hope and innocence.

MUSINGS.



UPON thy rugged, and storm-beaten shore, Na-
hant,
Outstretching far into the moonlit sea, —
Now evening winds, in fitful pauses, chant,
In the rapt ear their slumberous harmony,
And the deep murmur of the waves,
Echoing through thy charmed caves,
Fills the soft air, with music sad and low
As that of spirit voices singing
In the sparkling depths below :
Alone, 'twixt sky and ocean swinging

I sit, while showers of silver dew,
Profusely rain from thy celestial wings,
Pale bride of night, who ledest through
 heaven's blue,
Thy virgin train of stars, where darkness
 flings
Its deepest shadows round the sloping west.

With low interminable roar,
The ocean, like a full heart, heaves,
And breaks upon the flinty shore ;
And ever a new requiem weaves.

Within yon darkly-brooding cloud,
Aloft, the rushing sea-bird screams,
Rending the calm night's misty shroud,—
How like a human voice it seems !

The low winds from the pleasant land,
Breathing of fragrant fields and flowers,
Whisper, in measures sweet and bland,
Their memories of happy hours.

What mingled harmonies delight thine ear,
Oh ! Night, that bendest from thy starry sphere,
Low down to earth, and watchest listfully
To catch the solemn music of the sea,
The blooming land, and the swift clouds that
flee,
With banners streaming o'er thy placid face,
Borne on the summer winds, in sportive
chase, —
And, when day sinks behind the western wall,
That comest softly at these voices' call,
And here, unveiling all thy glowing charms,
Holdest the wide scene in thy circling arms.

WILLIAM AND ELLEN.

A BALLAD.



OH! wilt thou, Ellen, wed with me?
Thus William to the maiden sighed;
And I will be thine own good man,
And thou shalt be my bride.

Though gold and silver I have none,
Deep in my heart a treasure lies; —
And thou, sweet Ellen, thou alone,
Hast won the precious prize.

Thy love, my never-failing joy, —
I would not care for aught beside ; —
And what were all the world to me,
If thou wert not my bride.

My cottage stands on yonder green, —
A little cot, close by the side
Of a bright river, and between
Two tall oaks branching wide.

There I will dress my garden wild,
And deck my long-neglected bowers ;
And thou, the brightest gem of all
Among my garden flowers,

If thou wilt deign to wed with me,
Shalt be my dearest hope and pride ; —
And I will be thine own good man,
And thou wilt be my bride.

A tear stood in her burning eye,
While thus the gentle maid replied ;
Though I do love thee, William, dear,
I cannot be thy bride.

For where would be my mother old ?
I could not for her wants provide ;
And who would be her guide and stay,
If I should be thy bride ?

Too dear to me my mother's cot,
Her ever fond, though fading eye ; —
That mother, I may ne'er forget,
Or leave alone to die.

Oh ! say not so, my Ellen dear,
For I will bring thy mother gray ;
And she shall dwell in our own cot,
To bless thee many a day.

Then, William, I will wed with thee ;
The maiden hung her head, and sighed ;—
And thou shalt be my dear good man,
And I will be thy bride.

THE DREAM ANGEL.



FORM ethereal, soft and fair,
Dwelling in the viewless air,
None may call thee by thy name,
Mortal sign thou canst not claim ;
For thou art not known to fame,
Nor to sensual things of earth,
Nor to gross material birth ;
But to me thou hast a shape,
From which I may ne'er escape,

Dimly seen, and shadowy,
Floating in my mental eye,
With a never-ceasing beauty,
Blending love, and hope, and duty.

When the twilight gloam is nearing,
And the last faint day-beam shines,
Dreaming in my leafy bower,
Pleased, I wait the favored hour
Of thy sweet and loved appearing ;
Then I roam where Fancy leads,
Ever following in thy train,
Now o'er green and flowery meads,
Hoary hill, and verdant plain,
Through dim aisles of shadowy pines,
Whose high tops the warm winds kiss,
Into whispery sounds of bliss,
Spirit-fed with charmed words,
And the melody of birds.

Form etherial, soft and fair,
Did'st thou leave thy native sphere
In the glowing fields above,
Touched with sympathy and love,
For this wayward, mortal state,
Mindful of that distant time,
Ere thy spirit soared sublime,
And trembling, knocked at heaven's gate ;—
When, through changeful night and day,
'Thou did'st seek thine erring way,
Whelmed in doubts, and hopes, and fears,
Less often knowing smiles than tears?
If such holy feeling bring
Down to earth thine angel wing,
With a glory so intense,
To the spiritual sense,
Then, my soul, no longer soil
Thy bright robes, in dust and toil ;—
Pleasure and Ambition spurn,
To thy guardian spirit turn,

She shall lead thee all thy days,
Through fair scenes and pleasant ways,
Free from mortal care, and strife,
To the shining goal of life,
Floating ever in thine eye,
With a never-ceasing beauty,
Blending love, and hope, and duty.

ON THE BIRTH OF AN INFANT.



A LITTLE babe is let into the world,
 Out of the deep and kindly heart of God,
 Whose every pulse's high, mysterious beat,
 Warms into life some happy form of being.
 Thus art thou come, in pleasant month of May,
 Sweet bud of beauty, pure as nature's self,
 In her blest time, when in soft showers
 dissolved
 Her fields, and vineyards, and far-stretching
 plains

Put on their flowing drapery of green,
And fill with odours the mild breath of spring.

Bright natal day, for one so fair as thou ; —
The smiling skies, tinged with the setting
sun's

Celestial hues, seemed bending down to earth
To fold the spring-child in their fond embrace,
With the same feeling of thy mother's joy,
When from her body, a man-child was born, —
And thou, the first time, on her beating breast
Drew the sweet breath of an outworld repose ;
The small birds in the budding greenwoods
sang,

And silver-voicèd streams, in their fair course
Murmured sweet carols to the infant spring.

The self-same breath, that poured into thy soul
The subtle essence of immortal life,
Tempered the rude winds to its feeble germ,

And bade all spirits minister to it,
Into the earth a genial heat infused,
Making its gloomy face to smile again
With renovated being, and the woods,
So long condemned to barren nakedness,
Once more to wear their livelier suits, and hide
Beneath their shades the roaming flocks and
 herds ;
Unbound the streams, to win their limpid
 way
Through vales and meadows with fresh ver-
 dure clad,
Rejoicing in new birth, and showered on all,
In quickening dews, on atmosphere of love.

With opening flowers shall thy young life
expand ;
Each day shall mark some brighter beam of
thought,
Disclosed to heaven and us in thy sweet face ;

So shall the spring-child wander by thy side,
New charms unfolding, as she moves along,
And she shall lead thee gently by the hand,
Through all the changes of the fruitful year.
Oh ! may thy life, like hers, be fair and true,
Its fruits, like hers, with radiant glory crowned.

BUNKER HILL.

SONNET.



I STAND alone upon the field of fame,
Where once, in proud array, my fathers
stood :
Beneath me sleeps pale Mystic's glassy
flood,
Above me watch the unwearied stars, the
same

As when oppression with her armies came,
Death's iron allies in her vengeful hand,
Belching deep thunders ; while her burning
brand
Lit up thy summit in the cannon's flame ;
Mother of hills, mild freedom's hallowed fane,
Long shalt thou live, the matchless theme
of story,
The field of battle, and the field of glory.
Upon thy soil, where patriot heroes fought,
I love to muse in retrospective thought.

A PICTURE.

SONNET.



'T is eventime ; lo ! where yon sun declines,
Its last beams streaming over hill and vale,
From the deep shade of yonder breezy pines,
A lowly cot peeps through its leafy veil ;
The woodbine clustereth on its snow-white
wall ;
In greenest verdure, the wild ivy clings
About the portico, then upward flings
Its wreathing arms, around the chimney tall ;

See where the lambs sport on the sloping lea,
Now bathing in the streamlet running by,
Or coursing the cool glades with silent glee,
While on the green the lazy shepherds lie,
Gladdening the moments, as they speed along,
With some wild story, or a sylvan song.

ON A LADY.



WHAT though her virtues, all unknown to
fame,

No sculptor's art in classic lines proclaim,
Still may affection's humble muse commend
The zealous Christian, and the faithful friend;
With feelings warm, benevolence sincere,
A generous pity for affliction's tear,
The even tenor of a blameless life,
Unstained by sin, secure from worldly strife.

What though her course, in paths obscurely
traced,

No fortune gilded and no honors graced,
Her worth its perfect recompense has found,
In brighter fields, beyond life's narrow bound ;
Above her grave, though nameless and alone,
Her virtues rise, a monument of stone.

EVENING.

SONNET.



Now the hushed wind of summer evening
pours
Its silvery whisper on my listening ear,
Lingering among these broad old trees that
rear
Their shadowy tops along the bending shores,

Bright river, where thy glowing volume roars,
Save whose wild tones of laughter, and
delight,

No other sounds disturb the silent night ;
But hark ! I catch the sound of dipping oars,
And now sweet music cleaves the dewy air,
From the deep valley comes the swelling
tone,

The lute's mild breath the willing breezes
bear,

And to mine ear the boatman's song is
blown ;

Soothing my spirit in its mood of care,
And bringing peace, where its light wing
had flown.

EDWARD'S GRAVE.



LET no proud monument arise,
To point me where my Edward lies ;
But may some humble yew tree bend
Its shadows o'er my sleeping friend,
Distilling there, a pleasing sadness ;
 And may his turf be green, and fair,
 And vocal the surrounding air,
With notes of birds, and sounds of glad-
 ness ;

A simple stone shall bear his name,
In graceful characters imprest,
How few his years, and yet how blest,
Without a word, or deed to blame ;
So shall the rest, his ashes find,
Suit well the gentle temper of his mind.

DECEMBER.



MERRIEST month of all the year,
Month of Christmas thou art here ;
With clear breath and sparkling brow,
In thy pleasant robe of snow,
Whit'ning every vale and mountain,
Sealing every liquid fountain ;
Wind of winter, though thou blowest,
To the highest, and the lowest, —
Merry month, thy face is fair, —
Full of joy, and free of care.

VIRTUE.



THE fame of modest virtue lives
When its frail vestments die ;
By all revered, it still survives,
When kings forgotten lie.
Beside its glorious renown,
What were a monarch's jewelled crown, —
What were its honors high ;
Above them all, through clouds and fears
It shines, the beacon-light of years.

HYMN FOR THE SABBATH.



FATHER! now we bow before thee,
Where thy holy altars are ;
Let our swelling hearts adore thee,
Grateful, for thy ceaseless care :
Father, hear us, though unworthy,
Hear, O! hear, our humble prayer.

May the soft, the pure emotion,
Kindled in each beating breast,
Warm our spirit's cold devotion,
Raise our souls by sin opprest ;
Father, stay the world's commotion,
Smile upon this day of rest.

Now the organ's notes are swelling,
Mingling with our grateful song ;
Every gloomy doubt dispelling, —
Let each heart the strains prolong ;
Father, make thy constant dwelling
In our heart, upon our tongue.

Here, may every heart confessing
All its weight of grief and care,
Make this day of thine a blessing,
Sanctify this hour of prayer ;
Father, vain were our addressing
If thou shouldst not meet us here.

THE PIOUS DEAD,



How sweet the slumber of the dead ;
How calm their rest, how soft their bed,
Who fall asleep in Jesus' arms,
And murmur not at death's alarms : —
Their souls embalmed are upward borne,
For them, it were but sin to mourn.

Their bodies pillowed in the dust,
Unmarked by honor's storied bust,
Shall gather to their couch of sleep,
Above their hallowed forms to weep
The few that loved them, while they trod,
The footstool of their father God.

Though fame refuse their names to sing,
Nor there her crowning laurels bring,
Yet love, with pious hand shall twine
Of freshest flowers, a wreath divine,
To bloom above the sacred spot,
Still cherished, though by fame forgot.

STANZAS.



OH! come not in my sacred hours,
Vain dreams of melody and mirth,
Luring my thoughts to love's green bowers,
And the fond images of earth.

I spurn ye hence ; and on the wing
Of Fancy, would my spirit soar
To the blue heaven where purely spring
Bright visions of an Eden shore.

There lives not in this world of ours,
That which the soul may call its own ;
To-day, our path among the flowers
Love cheers, with melting eye and tone ;

To-morrow comes the wintry blast,
And the green hopes of youth are flown ;
Those we have loved sleep in the past,
And we are left to sigh alone.

Then come not in my sacred hours,
And leave my chastened heart awhile ;
Now the deep shade of twilight lowers,
And the glad stars above me smile,

The untainted thought shall wander free,
To brighter lands, where, ever green,
Its palmy groves long summers see,
And winter's cold hath never been.

THE INWARD VOICE.



I HEAR a voice within my soul,
That voice to me is speaking ;
Beware ! Beware ! life's treacherous shoal,
It lies between thee and the goal,
The pleasant goal thou 'rt seeking ;
I hear the murmur of the waves,

That break upon its sands ;
I see a thousand yawning graves,
From each, a voice commands ;
Beware ! Beware !
O ! do not dare
Life's dark, and treacherous sands.

Thy spirit in the sunny land
Of hope, now careless straying,
Bright pleasures lead thee by the hand,
Through balmy shades, by zephyrs fanned,
Among the valleys playing ;
Thou hear'st the rushing of the streams,
Along the verdant plains,
Thou see'st the gold and silver beams,
Dance o'er the ripened grains,
And to thine ear,
The wind-notes bear
Their sadly pleasing strains.

Now in thine hour of trusting faith,
Strong, questionless, and pure,
Beware ! the rushing tempest's scath,
Its voice, in muttering thunder saith,
Beware ! the dazzling lure ;
It shines beyond the shifting sands,
That break the stormy sea ;
And in its blaze, are ghastly hands,
Outstretching now for thee ;
Oh ! lift thine arm,
Dissolve the charm,
And set thy spirit free !

SIR ROBERT'S TRANCE.



SIR ROBERT was a gallant Knight,
As e'er bestrode a gallant steed ;
As ever buckled armor bright,
As ever mingled in the fight,
Or brake a good lance at his need.

Sir Robert had a Knightly trance,
'T was in the battle's deadliest heat ;
When heedless of the foes advance,
Sir Robert leaned upon his lance,
And slumbered in his saddle seat.

Before him rose in wild array
A boding vision of the past,
The bloody conflict of that day, —
The nameless Knight, in armor grey, —
The deep and solemn bugle blast.

The spectre of his castle hall,
The mail-clad vision of his sleep ;
The Saxon's blood upon the wall,
A maiden's hearse, and sable pall,
The prisoner of his dungeon keep.

Now stretching far as eye could reach,
Were lands arrayed in comely green ;
And there, a shelving sandy beach,
Beyond, the sea, and here a breach,
A lofty castle tower between.

From out those castle walls, for aye
The warder blows a single blast ;
The drawbridge falls, the Knight in grey,
Well mounted on a steed of bay,
Spurs over gallantly and fast.

Sir Robert stirs him in his trance,
Ho ! who hath ope'd my castle keep ;
He calls ; when, lo ! in quick advance,
The Knight in grey, with couched lance,
Comes sweeping down the rocky steep.

Now by 'r lady, false Sir Knight,
I hold that we are fairly met ;
You deemed me dead, but by the light
Of gentle Saxon eyes, the might
Of my brave father's lance, this night
The greensward earth thy blood shall
wet.

Thou holds't my castle, and my lands,
The boon my fathers proudly won ;
A maiden's blood is on thy hand ;
My father died by thy command,
He died, but left a Saxon son.

The grey Knight spoke, then forth his
lance
High poised in air, with deadly aim ;
Back reined Sir Robert, for his trance
Was broke, and he must break a lance,
Or foully stain a gallant name.

Ha ! now the rattling clang of steel,
The ringing sound of shivering lance, —
Sir Robert falls, a mighty deal
Of the battle axe's deadly heel,
Has dimmed the Norman's eagle glance.

I know thee now, Sir Blond the Brave ;
Thus faint with blood, Sir Robert cries,
I doomed thy Sire an early grave,
Thy Saxon brother was my slave,
Fair Margaret, alas ! —— and dies.

AUTUMN.



I SEE thee in the withering tree,
Whose yellow leaves lie strewed beneath ;
And hark ! low voices seem to be
Mingling sad music with thy breath.
Thy chilling winds around me steal,
And o'er the hills in silence creep,
Making the woodlands toss and reel,
And the free waters gush and leap.

I love thee, Autumn, for the sad
And pensive gloom that shadows thee ;
Though in the storm and whirlwind clad,
Thou bringest pleasant thoughts to me.
I think on days of pleasure past,
When love the blissful moments sped,
Of joys too sweet, too frail to last,
And hopes that moulder with the dead.

The green fields and the verdant grove,
The fruits and flowers that gaily bloom,
Like all the good in life, we love,
Regretted, find an early tomb. —
So the false hopes that cheat the soul,
The world's unmeaning smile and tear,
The passions' proud and fierce control,
Disdain's cold breath, and slanders' ear

Are gone, when life's chill autumn comes,
And languor on the spirit lies ;
When death's pale presence in the gloom
Of midnight, stalks before our eyes. —
Yet, though life's brief summer 's past ;
There lives a hope that looks above,
Far from this world of change, at last
To find a changeless home of love.

OSCEOLA.



BEAR him gently to his bed,
With sound of trump and martial tread,
For he hath oft, and freely bled,
In many a deadly fight, —
When gathered in their might,
Our legions from afar,
In battle's cloudy car,
Rolled on the tide of war ; —

Then loudly rang the redmen's mingled shout,
And high above them all,
The chieftain's shrilly call,
Urged on his warriors to the charge, the rout,
"Strike ye! boldly now my braves!
Let the morass be their graves,
See they bend, they turn, they fly,
Ours the field, and victory."

Though no proud banners o'er them wave,
To marshal on the fearless brave,
No bugle's note,
Or cannon's throat,
Their wild and stormy music gave,
To nerve the arm, and prompt the blow, —
Once in the presence of the foe,
The fire that in their bosoms burned,
With unrelenting fury yearned
For vengeance on the race,
Whose cursed arts of fraud and gain,

Had driven them from their fair domain,
 Their homes, the resting-place
Of mighty chiefs and gifted sires,
Their altars and their counsel fires,
 And left no mark or trace,
To point them where their fathers rest ;
 Whose souls at morn and even,
 Went trustingly to heaven,
In dreams of fairer hunting grounds among
 the blest.

Bear him to his lonely bed,
With sound of trump and martial tread,
Yet gently, for ye bear the dead,
And broken spirit of the brave,
To fill a strange unhonored grave ;
But still unconquered, save by death,
The warrior drew his latest breath,
Encircled round by prison walls,
Unlike the free and airy halls,

Where oft his light and bounding feet,
Sprang forth the daring foe to meet.
Where stately oak, and toppling pine,
Their lofty limbs together twine,
A high, o'erarching canopy,
Fit shelter for the tameless free.

Though captive in a dungeon keep,
His spirit sighed once more to stand,
Surrounded by his faithful band,
Where range the foe in column deep ;
Once more in blood his hands to steep,
Avenge the Indian's wrong,
Then mingle with the throng,
Borne upward to the spirit-land,
From battle-field, where thickly spread,
Repose the pale face and the red,
The dying, and the dead.

LAMENT OF THE EXILE.



I AM not old, yet oh ! believe me,
Man's age is measured not by years ;
A wasting worm within has brought me,
Thus early, to life's goal in tears.
The friends that fortune lent could leave me
When darksome clouds were gathering
near ;
I am not old, yet oh ! believe me,
My heart is cold, my hope is sere.

The home I knew in merry childhood,
My own loved mountain-glens, so high,
The rolling stream, and echoing wild-wood,
All fade before my dimmèd eye.
A mother's arms may ne'er receive me,
Her exiled boy to memory dear ;
I am not old, yet oh ! believe me,
My heart is cold, my hope is sere.

My father land, the land that bore me,
I love her with a patriot's love ;
Yet from her homes, a tyrant tore me,
And doomed my weary feet to rove
Here where sad memory doth grieve me,
With dreams that melt like sorrow's tear ;
I am not old, yet oh ! believe me,
My heart is cold, my hope is sere.

BOAT SONG.



Now we are on the gladsome sea,
The sea, the home of the fearless brave ;
And merrily timing to notes of glee,
Our oars we plash in its crystal wave.
Then pull, boys, steadily pull away,
And over the sparkling foam we fly,
Now bathed in showers of silver spray,
Or on the proud wave sported high :
Oh ! there 's no place for the bold and free,
Like the ever bright and bounding sea.

Now we glide o'er the waters clear,
 Swift as the eagle's tireless wing,
Far out on the deep we'll boldly steer,
 Where the ocean winds their wild notes
 sing.

Then pull, boys, steadily pull away,
 Our good boat leaps at the spring of the
 oar,
And gaily she breaks her billowy way,
 As fast behind her fades the shore ;
Oh ! there 's no place for the bold and free,
Like the ever bright and bounding sea.

SONG.



When the light of day is fading,
 Forget not me ;
When the nightly shades are speeding,
 Forget not me ;
When the world is deeply sleeping,
And the gentle streams are weeping,
When soft dreams on thee are creeping,
 Forget not me !

When thy lovely form is kneeling,
 Forget not me ;
When at eve thy prayer is stealing,
 Forget not me ;
When thine eye is fondly beaming,
And the burning tears are streaming,
When thy soul of heaven is dreaming,
 Forget not me.

AN EVENING HYMN.



Now Evening's sombre shades return,
Its balmy hours are all my own ;
And from the world my feet shall turn,
Into some quiet glade alone.

Far from the haunts of vulgar men,
In paths by humbler spirits trod,
I 'll seek the lonely wood or glen,
Unseen, save by the eye of God.

I love the hours of fading light,
For then my spirit spreads her wing,
And bends unchecked, her heavenward flight,
Above all low imagining.

The flowers that deck the grassy way,
Their tinted leaves in silence close,
The birds' wild carol dies away,
While man and nature seek repose.

Oh ! nature, in thine hour of rest,
What pleasing charms thy features wear,
To calm the wild, tumultuous breast,
And smooth the ruffled brow of care.

The low, sweet winds that fill thine ear
With the pure incense of their praise,
Are to thy tender soul more dear,
Than noblest songs that man can raise.

THE SPANISH EXILE'S SONG.



I know a land, a sunny land,
Of fruitful vine and golden river ;
And there a hall, whose portals stand
Upon the banks of Guadalquiver.

I know a bower, a shaded bower,
Where bright-plumed birds are singing
ever,
Encircled round with vine and flower,
Upon the banks of Guadalquiver.

I know a spirit proud and high,
Though bound in chains he may not
sever ;

It is my father doomed to sigh,
Upon the banks of Guadalquiver.

I know the tear bedims his eye
For who shall now his land deliver,
Her spreading fields and vineyards high,
Upon the banks of Guadalquiver ?

I know that in his ancient halls
The rout and revel soundeth ever,
The spoiler holds his castle walls,
Upon the banks of Guadalquiver.

Oh ! who will hear the minstrel boy,
The wanderer, sad and sighing ever,
To greet again those haunts of joy,
Upon the banks of Guadalquiver ?

THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

A BALLAD.



IN a garden rude and lonely,
Grew a flower sweet and wild,
And on all who wandered thither,
Pleasantly it looked and smiled.

Old and young men of the village,
And bright maidens, came to gaze
Upon its heaven-tinted beauty,
Both to envy and to praise.

Wondering how this little flower,
Grew to be so bright and fair,
In a garden wild and lonely,
Without gentle nursing care.

For they thought not that its Maker,
Who hath many shining flowers,
Shed his genial rays upon it,
And his dew-distilling showers.

So it chanced, one summer's morning,
When its leaves were fully blown,
That a youthful stranger saw it,
Passing through the fields alone.

Quick he caught its sparkling beauty,
Oh ! sweet flower thou must be mine,
Into richer soil transplanted,
What new glory would be thine.

To his heart he warmly pressed it,
And his eyes they could but say,
“I will come again to-morrow,”
So he passed upon his way.

Many morrows came without him,
And this flower, frail as fair,
Hopeless of his promised coming,
Drooped and withered in despair.

There it lay, cold and unlovely,
Stretched upon the mossy bed,
All its spirit-life departed,
All its glowing beauty fled.

Tearful maidens gathered round it,
Who had marked its quick decay,
In the freshness of its beauty
Melting, peacefully away.

Old men's hearts are soft and kindly,
And their tears could not be dried,
When they thought how fair it blossomed,
And how soon it drooped and died.

Down in yonder winding valley
Where the young grass thriftily grows,
Sleeps that sweet, lamented flower,
In its long and last repose.

AN EPISTLE TO ———.



WAS there ever maiden true?
Tell me you that often woo,
Were you ever doomed to sigh
Maiden false or maiden shy;
Hope's transparent, brimming cup,
Broken, while you raised it up
Trembling to your burning lip,
Ere the nectar you could sip,

While the hot blood's feverish sway,
Swept all sober sense away,
Tasking love's distorted eyes
With ten-thousand protean dyes ;
Dreams of love's Elysian joys,
Venus' shapes, and Cupid boys,
 Passion's flame luxurious feeding ;
Dashed to earth the bowl of pleasure,
Wasting all its liquid treasure ?

Then what grief to joy succeeding,
Black despair and thoughts malign ;
 If such fortune ere befell you,
 My dear fellow, let me tell you
Such a hapless lot was mine.

My first love was Sally Wing,
 Her true name less smooth and terse
 Quite ill-suits my trotting verse ;
She was all that poets sing ;
 Graceful as the summer air,

Robed in morning's golden beams ;
Born of spiritual dreams,
 Beautiful as spirits are.
She had eyes of hazel hue
Ever moistening with the dew
 Of a sympathetic soul,
 Stirring in its secret goal,
Feelings generous and true.
 Like a crystal fount, her face,
 O'er which sunbeams sportive chase,
Mirrored all that soul within,
Free from shade of lurking sin,
 Glowing with a warmth intense,
 Full of strong intelligence,
Whosoever lookèd in,
 Saw each love-provoking art,
 Centred in that maiden's heart.

How that maid and I first met,
I have striven to forget,

When, is now of less concern,
Yet I owe it to my story,
'T was mid spring's fresh budding glory,
When the genial loves return,
Thus I think Berangèr sings,
When the universe of things
Welcomes back the balmy spring ;
'Then I met sweet Sally Wing ;
Not in some secure retreat,
Forest groves' embowering shade,
Not in wild or lonely glade ;
Threading slow the devious street,
Her bright face first caught my eye,
Looking from a casement high,
Thither turned my willing feet ;
Reaching now within the pale,
Glanced I at this humble line
Rudely graven on a sign,
"Graham bread and pies for sale ;"
There behind an oaken stand,

Stood this blooming maiden fair,
Ripened sheaves adorned her hair,
Golden plenty filled her hand.
“Lovely one !” I thus essayed,
“Tell me what thou doest here ;”
Then with pleasant voice and clear,
Answered me that smiling maid.

Stranger ! to thy bold request,
I as boldly answer give ;
Here do all that hope to live,
Prostrate bow at my behest.
Flowing from my open hand,
Health and plenty fill the land,
Lusty youth and crippled age,
Fool, and philosophic sage,
I with never closing eye,
All their various wants espy,
Feeding life’s mysterious fires
From my never-failing store ;

Where around my blessings pour,
Man's insatiate desires,
Drink of fulness and expire ;
 Gladdening in this peaceful reign,
 Swift before my joyous train,
Shrivelled want and death retire.
 Pleasure fills the circling hours,
Joy and hope, and meek content,
Joined in laughing merriment,
 Deck their long neglected bowers ; —
These to mortal eye and sense,
Are the gifts that I dispense.

Gentle Goddess ! I replied,
 Thou hast gifts almost divine,
 Yet there is one gift of thine,
Dearer than all else beside,
 Make that precious treasure mine ;
To my highest, noblest sense,
Thy unchanging love dispense ;

Let me press thee to my side,
Sealing here the promised bliss,
With a spiritual kiss.

Hence ye ! I am guarded well,
By a sure and potent spell ;
This the maiden briefly said,
Dashing at my feeble head,
Hardest loaf of hardest bread.
Gathering up my scattered feet,
Soon I found the open street,
Weeping floods of briny water,
For the Baker's blooming daughter.

THE CRUSADER.



THIS day shall the christian warrior ride,
Victorious o'er the battle-field,
And the Paynim foe shall ne'er abide
The brightness of his mighty shield.

His fiery sword and conquering hand,
Shall sweep o'er the bloody plain ;
And the Paynim arms, and the Paynim bands
Shall be mingled with the slain.

On, warrior on, for the trumpet sounds
With a soul inspiring blast,
Not a living foe shall here be found,
When the light of day is past.

THE TIMES.



THE times, the times, and yet once more
the times !

In sad succession, like funereal chimes,
From lip to lip, the ringing echo flies,
Mounts on the breeze and mutters in the
skies.

Each boor takes up the sound, he knows not
why,

While at his back the rabble join the cry,
From realm to realm this watchword of the
world,

O'er oceans broad, and continents is hurled.

How poor is he who, nursed in freedom's air,
Yet may not find one idle breath to spare,
To curse himself in shooting at the age,
Confessed a fool when mimicking the sage.
Yet some there be whom fortune dooms to
sigh,
Speechless of words ; but written in the eye,
Appear the lines of a severer wo ;
There is an honest grief, no heartless show.

Here, on a point between two oceans' vast,
The boundless future, and the measured past,
The eye surveys the unbroken waste before,
Unconscious yet of all it hath in store ;
While full of life the crowded scenes behind,
In long procession thronging to the mind,
Like ghostly spectres of an army slain,
Remembered pleasure and remembered pain,
The days of love and hope, the bitter years,
When manhood saw its hopes dissolved in
tears,

All human actions open or concealed,
Both now alike in clearest light revealed,
Before a dread tribunal full arrayed,
Their secrets known, their good or ill displayed, —
Demand the judgment of the impartial pen,
That mighty judge and arbiter of men.

Before us lies the map of human things,
The currents of the times, their secret springs,
Whence into light and being they emerge,
To run their courses to earth's farthest verge.
Here, in a region bounded by the North,
Where freedom's eagle, first exulting, forth
Spread on the breeze his broad triumphant
wings,
The boast of freemen and the dread of
kings, —
Ruled by the dictates of a sordid sense,
Despising manhood's proud intelligence,

Man wraps himself in narrowness of soul,
Forgetting all but self, brooks no control ;
And with a pomp that would become a
 throne,
Struts through the world as if he were alone.

Weak-minded mortal ! though thy gods be
 gold,
And thou a worshipper to Mammon sold,
The fairer smiles of Deity shall bless,
What thou contemnest, and esteem'st the
 less.

Reads not aright, or else perversely blind,
Is he who thus illiberal to his kind,
No fellow-feeling cherisheth for him,
Whose skies are darkly, and whose lamp
 is dim,
Nor less the man who trenched in titled
 names,
Assumes the monkey, and the human shames ;

Hides what of sense a providence e'er gave,
And uses fortune but as fortune's slave ;
Scarce dreaming that no wealth or names
combined,
Can match the treasure of a noble mind.

Here too in pride of purse the men of trade,
By nature fond of bustle and parade,
Their legered dues, ill-gotten sums display,
To show the world gold's current sets that
way,
Scorning the profits of an humbler toil,
The healthful tillage of a grateful soil,
They brave life's sea unlettered and un-
learned,
Converting thus the means so nobly earned,
To dangerous uses for a larger gain,
When reason chides them though no laws
restrain ; —

Their wealth devoted to unyielding ends,
Themselves require the kindly prop of
 friends ;
Thence follow debts and customary loans,
A ruined credit, and a people's groans.
The man who thus o'ersteps his means and
 place,
Will meet misfortune, and deserve disgrace.

Mark now the Exchange, the backbone of
 the town,
Where the still tide of trade flows up and
 down,
By fits and starts beyond precedent bounds, —
Oft swells too high, oft bares the shallow
 grounds.
There Mammon's temples in proud splendor
 rise,
Towering to heaven they dazzle and surprise,

And lead our thoughts to those whose bread
they waste,
In lofty capitals, and costly taste ;
They whose hard fingers move the delicate
springs,
Of fortune's wheel, and monetary things,
The slaves of gods whom all mankind adore,
Still fill their coffers, and still cry for more,
While those whose honest wants deserve
supply,
Driven from their hopes, to hungry leeches
fly,
Whose fangs once fastened, suck them till
they die.

And thou, Religion ! friend of man assigned,
Lightener of griefs, controller of the mind,
How varied are thy charities, how great
The influence thou sway'st o'er man's estate.

Him dost thou cherish with sincerest love,
Him dost thou feed with blessings from above,
Where'er ascends the incense of a prayer,
Thine answering dews distill, for thou art
there ;

A faithful few, thy tried and chosen band,
The world forsake, and all its arts withstand ;
On thy strong arm their faith and hopes
depend,

With thee they travel to their journey's end.
Come then, Celestial Maid, in flame and fire,
A wayward world demands thy vengeful ire ;
'Thy feigned worshippers with hearts of steel,
Bow but to nature, for they cannot feel
Those fervid kindlings of a soul within,
Patient in hope, repentant of its sin ;
With lengthened faces and upturned eyes,
Too many wear thee for a deep disguise ;
Hide thy pure garments, beautiful and bright,
Beneath the mantle of perpetual night.

Once more the times! methinks I hear the
cry,

Sullenly sounding through the troubled sky ;
As in a dream when myriad tongues unite,
To swell the chorus and disturb the night ;
All have their griefs, and each their mighty
cause,

Some rail at rulers, and some at the laws.
With omens dark each laboring breath is full,
And all declare the times perversely dull ;
Though e'er so dull, let reason mount the
stage, .

Nor longer curse the errors of the age ;
Her voice attuned to harmony and peace,
Shall bid all cares and dark forebodings cease ;
Urge on thyself a calm and sweet content,
That treats all sorrows but as angels sent,
Revive the drooping freshness of the mind,
Point thee to heaven and bid thee be resigned.

SONG.



MARY, arise,
The eastern skies
Are reddening with the morn;
And every bird's
Sweet song is heard,
Amid the waving corn.

Through groves and woods,
Where silence broods,
In hermit shades forlorn ;
Blithe streams rejoice
With gladsome voice,
That a new day is born.

The dewy grass,
Like molten glass,
Sways in the fresh'ning breeze ;
And all around
There breathes a sound,
A murmuring sound of bees.

To greet the day,
On every spray
Bright flowers their leaves uncloze ;
O'er gardens fair,
The scented air,
In rosy currents flows.

Mary, arise,
Ere morning flies,
Come to the woods and fields;
No wealth, or art,
Can e'er impart,
The joy that nature yields.

THE DYING GIRL.



WITHIN a darkly chamber that looked out
upon the west,
O'er waving woods and meadows green in
summer's glory drest,
Where southern breezes laden with the per-
fume of the flowers,
O'er all the blooming land distilled their balm
in cooling showers,
Where sang the happy linnet and the robin
on the tree,
With the tiny horn of beetle and the drowsy
hum of bee,

As evening's shadowy veil came down upon
the face of day,

All silent on the bed of death a pallid maiden
lay.

Her face was spirit-beautiful, but icy cold and
wan,

And told me by its marble look, her life was
near its span ;

Her pulse was slow, she scarcely breathed, a
shade came o'er her eye,

She knew she could not live, and yet she
could not bear to die.

Beside the couch her father knelt in watch-
fulness and prayer,

His snowy ringlets streaming down upon her
forehead fair ;

And oft he wept and weeping said, his eyes
were growing dim,

And prayed that God would spare his child
and point a shaft for him.

Above her face the mother leaned, she could
not be too near, —

And low, to catch her wasting breath, she
bent her aged ear ;

Her trusting spirit shining through an aspect
sweet and mild,

While in her hand she warmly pressed the
cold hand of her child.

Oh ! Holy Mother blest, of Jesus, thou whose
love we claim,

Bestow a benison on all who bear a mother's
name.

A shade came o'er the maiden's face, her eyes
divinely shone,

And smiling on those kneeling forms, she
spoke in feeble tone,

“ Dear mother rise, I pray thee now, push
back the window blind,

Let in the kindly beams of day, let in the
summer wind,

I long once more to smell the flowers, and
hear the songs of birds,
For all the old familiar sights, the old familiar
words.

Oh! mother, do not look so sad, oh! father,
do not weep,

I feel the blood through all my veins in freer
currents creep ;

I feel a glow upon my cheek, a fire within
my eye,

Oh! mother, do not look so sad, I cannot,
cannot die."

Her voice was still ; and then a calm, a holy
calm, was there,

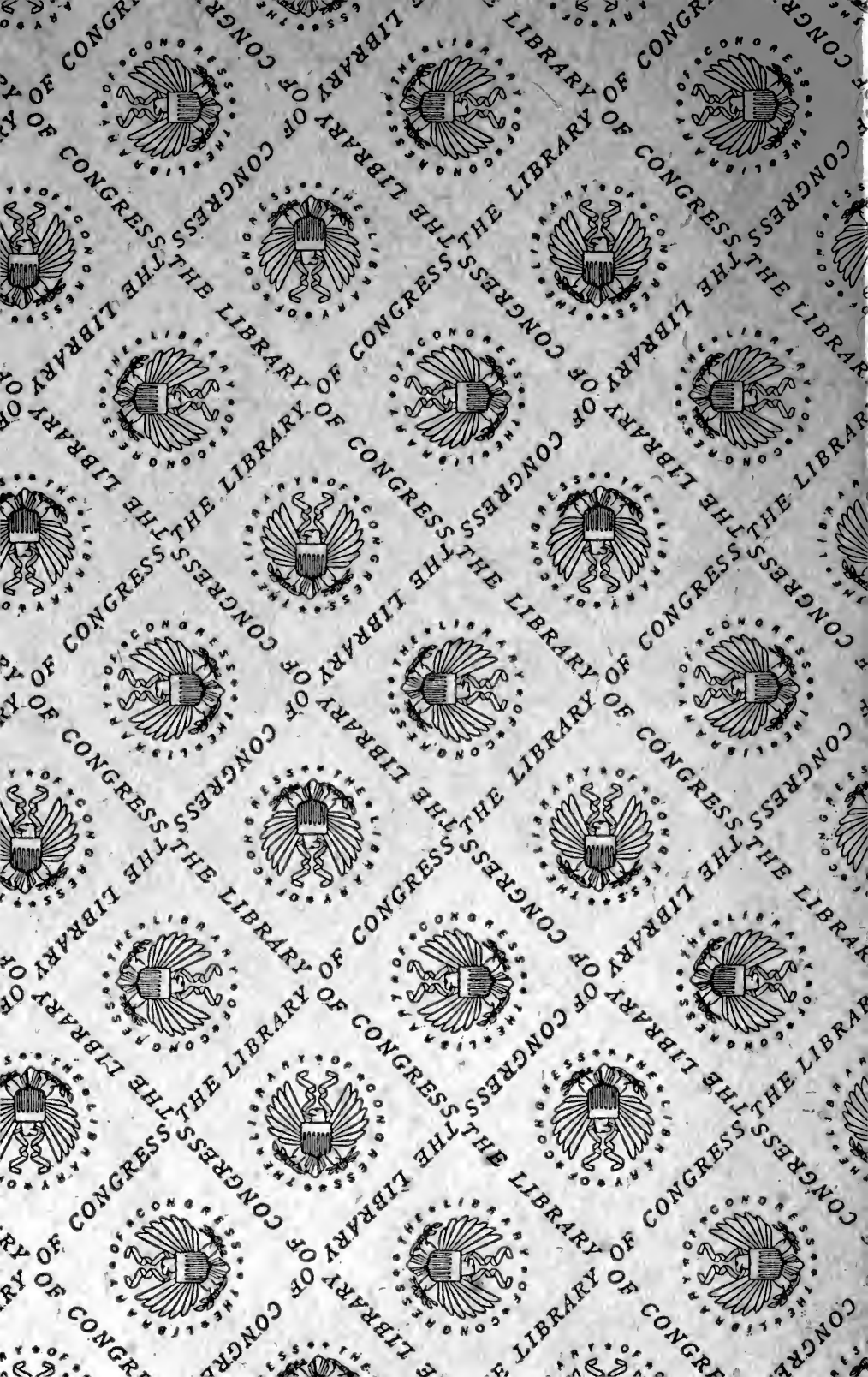
Unbroken, save at intervals, when on the
listless air,

An insect's wing with humming sound sailed
through the chamber old ;

The father looked upon his child, and she
was dead and cold.

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